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venture to say that such a crowd has never before been seen within those walls.

At eight, up went the curtain, and the fun began fast and furious. For four mortal hours the stage was filled with the most gorgeous costumes, the most brilliant scenery, and the most varied humanity, from the youthful aspirant to histrionic place, aged three, up to the full-blown, imported flower of the dance, with exquisite legs, and the poetry of motion in them. In this four hours and acts there was crammed—

"All that could tempt the eye or taste,
That sets the haggard pulses wild,
That wins from care and deadens sadness,
Were there."

And on it that vast public looked delighted. The rare beauty and grace of Bonfanti, Bilon, Soliké and the scores of coryphees, the pretty face and sweet voice of Fanny Stockton, and the hundred other attractions all blended into one harmonious mass, only occasionally interrupted by some incident or accident, always peculiar to the first night of any new piece, to say nothing of a piece with the calibre of the "White Fawn."

To be sure, there was considerable excitement among the audience at various periods when they arose to savage virtue, firstly over Grant and Johnson, and secondly over one of the ballet situations; yet, taking it all together, they balanced tolerably well until as their watches pointed past one o'clock, they began to want the grand final transformation scene and the grand final didn't want to be wanted, much to the disgust of several very clever chaps who were doing good pantomime, but who being only intended to fill up a chink of ten minutes, were hardly good in the public estimation for half an hour. Notwithstanding they were good, the public wanted the transformation, and indignantly hissed everything else, until at last, under a positive call, Mr. Wheatley made his appearance. A few words were oil on the troubled waters. The transformation would not work, the stage carpenters and machinists were, from sheer fatigue, unable to grapple with the difficulties, and the public were requested, after getting six hours of glory, to go home to bed and come again another day—or night, which they did like good children.

That is all one week ago, and since that time the "White Fawn" has been got into working order. The slow scenes have been cut down, and others have been cut out or cut off. The transformation has been put ship-shape and is gorgeous beyond all description. As it now stands the piece runs four hours and is a succession of sensations, only to be realized by being seen. The ballet has never had an equal in this country, and the whole construction of the spectacle is fine. As it works more smoothly with age, the story of the piece will come out more clearly, but just now it is somewhat cloudy.

Altogether the White Fawn is a wondrous success, and we take it for granted that from this time forth for a few years, there will be nothing to do but to announce the fact that the White Fawn is still going on.

At the Worrell Sisters' Theatre they produced on Wednesday night a dramatization of the Pickwick Papers. The subject is about as hard to take hold of as was Norwood, but nevertheless Daly, for we presume it is Daly's work, though not so announced, has done very well with it. There is really no plot in the book, consequently there can be no plot in the play, the whole being merely a series of situations cleverly strung

together, and which brings out the company in its very best light. Charming little Jennie Worrell is more than good as Mary the beloved of Sam Weller, and met the highest approbation of her audience. Jennie is an improving young lady, and will yet realize what we have prophesied for her, the very highest position in her line upon the American stage. Next to her, in merit, came Parsloe as Sam, who kept the house always amused while he was on the stage.—The whole piece is well got up and will have a long run.

That charming little nondescript, Lotta, makes her first appearance again on Monday at the Broadway in Brougham's dramatization of The Old Curiosity Shop. If we are to judge by the furore this little lady excited last summer, she will be the sensation for many weeks to come. There is a freshness and abandon about her that carries everything and sends her audience away as much pleased as though they had done a good thing themselves. With this abandon she must have nerve when she brings herself out on the same night as Maggie Mitchell.

Which brings us to that specialty. She is announced for the Olympic on Monday night. The bare announcement is enough, and, of course, her course will be onward, and only standing room will be the cry for months to come.

WATER COLOR AT THE ACADEMY.

By this time it has become pretty generally known to our readers that the first exhibition of The American Society of Painters in Water Colors, is in progress at the National Academy of Design. Though this exhibition partakes largely of the same fault of which we have so often spoken—that of crowding a large number of inferior pictures with a few good ones on the walls to make a show—yet there is, for a first attempt, too much merit to pass it lightly over. We will never believe otherwise than that ten good pictures exhibited will do more for the advancement of Art, and be better appreciated by the public, than several hundred bad ones, merely put in to make up, ostensibly, the worth of the money the crowd pays. There are, taking both oil and water color, just now, over 700 pictures on the walls of the Academy, 500 of which could well be dispensed with, and not detract one fraction from the strength and interest of the exhibition. As it stands, however, it is beyond dispute the best show ever made on the walls of the Academy, and as such deserves all commendation and the liberal support of the public.

The best figure pictures out of the 278 in water color are those of Mr. F. O. C. Darley, his principal rival being Mrs. E. Murray, Mr. Darley having two, "The Evening Prayer," No. 406, and "A Street Scene in Rome," No. 517, both fine in composition and drawing and rich in color. Mrs. Murray deserves especial commendation as breaking upon us suddenly with a merit that we did not think she possessed. Mrs. Murray has also two pictures; No. 337, "The Cheat Detected," very clever in drawing, coloring and expression, but not telling the story sufficiently clear. The padre who is holding up his fingers should be designating to his opposite, but there is nothing in the action of that opposite to show his complicity. The other is No. 511, "A Spanish Milk Stall, Seville." This is a picture of genuine merit, rich in color, good drawing, and with an expression

of great force. The face of the reclining boy in the foreground is capital. Mrs. Murray has shown herself an artist of high order. In marines Mr. F. H. De Haas has the only picture worth high commendation, No. 430, "The Coast of France." It is only necessary to say that it is in the artist's best style, and shows him as skilful in water, with water, as he is in oil.

In landscape, there is so much to praise that the task is difficult in selection. Rondel has a fine view on the Housatonic, No. 325; Thwaites one in the White Mountains, No. 330, and near by Craig's Cold Spring, No. 333, is worth more than a passing notice. The latter artist has several pictures above proof, and is an improving hand. Bellows gives us in No. 390, "The Toll Gate at Salem, Mass.," and makes it a good picture. Smillie, in 401, presents us another White Mountain view, and though those unfortunate hills have been done to death by a hundred artists, he redeems it from the commonplace. No. 470, Dunbarton Castle, by Dunn, is a good picture, as is also Willis' Scotch mountain scenery, No. 476, and Colman's Study from Nature, No. 489. Hart has two good pictures in 490 and 491, Hill in 496, Ham in 590, and with this we dismiss the landscapes.

Want of space compels us to close our remarks, but next week we shall take the subject up more at length, and while speaking of other pictures to commend, we shall designate a few of the most wretched daubs that ever disgraced the walls of an art gallery.

GENERAL GRANT IN CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY. —Fabronius, Gurney & Son, have just published a very fine chromo-lithograph of Constant Mayer's justly celebrated portrait of General U. S. Grant. This portrait is surely destined to become historical, for it is the most faithful likeness of the General that, to our knowledge, has yet appeared. It bears all his marked characteristics, and is at once the most pleasant and intellectual delineation of the face of one who has played, and is perhaps destined yet to play a prominent part in the history of America. Constant Mayer's portrait is a masterly work in drawing, color and expression, and a more faithful transfer in chromo-lithograph of any work we have never seen. It is a literal duplicate of the portrait, both in form and color, and its execution does infinite credit to the firm of Fabronius, Gurney & Son. So admirable a work in every respect, while it compels admiration of the art by which it is produced in such perfection, should command a universal sale, for apart from the politician, General Grant, as one of the leading soldiers of the war, should find a place in every household.

ANECDOTES OF BENJAMIN WEST.

HIS ANCESTRY.

Cunningham says "John West, the father of Benjamin, was of that family settled at Long-Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, which produced Col. James West, the friend and companion in arms of John Hampden. Upon one occasion, in the course of a conversation in Buckingham palace, respecting his picture of the Institution of the Garter, West happened to make some allusion to his English descent, when the Marquis of Buckingham, to the manifest pleasure of the king, declared that the Wests of Long-Crendon were undoubted descendants of the Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Ed-